Then love-devouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foot
Will never weare out the everlaſting flint:
A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton ſummer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme up ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaves you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we ſhall not ſcape a braule, for now theſe hot dayes is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when hee enters the confines of a Taverne, claps mee his ſword upon the Table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as any in *Italy*, and as ſoone moved to bee moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye but ſuch an eye would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhooe with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tib. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall finde me apt enough to that ſir, and you ſhall give me occaſion.

Mercutio. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?